LINGERIE BLOUSES AND NECKWEAR FOR THE TAILORED SUIT

Women Showing Enthusiasm Over the Delightfully Frivolous Models---High Collars Are Receiving Much Attention Because They Are New

Plain, Smooth Stock of Black Silk Harmonizes With New Suits---Many New and Pretty Styles of Jabots

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

IT is possible that women may show a liking for tailored effects of the severe sort when they go forth to choose spring street suits this season, but one thing seems sure—the lingerie blouses and neckwear associated with whatever suits women do buy are likely to be frilly affairs.

Of course there are plenty of simple blouses, tailored or not tailored; but the new lingerie models, over which women show the most enthusiasm, are the sheer ones frivolously inclined, breaking out into single front frills, double front frills, soft jabots. Probably the manufacturer of lingerie blouses has wakened to the fact that models of crepe de chine, china silk and other silken fabrics that are washable have cut into his trade sadly and that he must make strenuous efforts to lure feminine fancy back to sheer linen lawns and batistes. Whatever the cause, the result is delightful.

Nothing gives quite the effect of immaculate daintiness to summer morning attire that is afforded by crisp and snowy frills of finest muslin and lace. Incidentally, few things are more expensive to buy and more difficult to keep fresh than these same frills, at their finest; but laundering problems seldom stand between women and summer coquetry, and while the finest frills are, as has been said, expensive there are pretty ones at prices fairly reasonable. Moreover, the frilled waist can dispense with hand embroidery, though it does not necessarily do so, and it's an easier and less costly thing to achieve hand made frills with edging and inset lines or lace or with little colored hems than to embroider a blouse or collar by hand.

Given the ability to do perfectly plain fine sewing, any woman should be able to make herself charming blouses of the frilly type, or delectable collar and frill sets, though the exquisitely hand embroidered blouse may be quite beyond her skill.

Of blouses we will talk more definitely at another time. The one pictured here is a conservative and attractive model that should offer no serious obstacles to the amateur, yet made by hand seams joined by beading, valenciennes lace carefully chosen in one of the real valenciennes patterns, tiny lawn covered buttons, such as the French blouses have; narrow black moire ribbons run through little embroidered eyelets and tied in smart little bows at wrists and throat, this blouse is altogether charming.

The original model subscribed to the high collar fad by having a little close fitting collar of lace covering the front of the throat where the other collar rolled away, but this was not a necessity.

When it comes to neckwear the new things are legion and as interesting as they are numerous. High collars of one kind or another, with rabats or jabots or with chemisette attachment, are receiving much attention because they seem newer than the roll collar effects; but the latter are offered in innumerable pretty forms, and like the high stocks they, too, often have frills attached.

The simplest type of collar and jabot is the high close stock of muslin and lace, with some form of frill, and this sort of model is by no means difficult to make, provided one has time and patience for putting on lace by hand. Real valenciennes of course gives cachet to even the most unpretentious of such collars, but there are effective imitation laces and if the batiste or linon or organdie is sheer and fine and the handwork neatly done one can obtain admirable effects at very little expense.

The straight high collar, adorned by sharp points either turned down flat upon the collar or standing out crisply from the collar top just under the ears is another collar very often associated with frills of some kind. A touch of black usually appears at the head of the frill as it does in practically all the models; and in the collar and front frill illustrated in the sketch, the little cravat emerges cleverly from embroidered slits in the collar between the points, the two narrow ends dropping to a point slightly below the base of the collar and knotting carelessly there.

Where the collar fronts do not meet, leaving the front of the throat bare, little black ribbons often run through embroidered eyelets at each side of the collar and tie in a small bow in front.

A collar of the type noted here—straight, high and almost meeting in front—is not so practical as either the all around close stock or the stock opening more widely in front; for even though the ribbon does hold the collar sides approximately in place the chin will crush the top points and the stock will not look fresh after very little wearing.

The same is true of the high, close collars plaited vertically in small plaits, with a little flaring frill left at the top. These look attractive in the shop, but no amount of wiring will keep them close and smooth fitting.

The lingerie collar plaited in the back, standing high and turning down also in the back and sloping downward toward the front to leave the throat bare and the chin quite free, is combined with rather wide jabot arrangements, plaited to match the collar, and is always comfortable and usually becoming.

Soft crumpled stocks of soft black satin or taffeta, boned to stand very high, have turnover lingerie collars or collar points and jabots or frills to match. These are useful things, the removable collar and frill being more easily laundered than the combined collar and frill arrangements; and worn with a simple sheer blouse of semi-tailored type this stock has an exceedingly smart air. Even more severe and tailored in aspect is the plain smooth stock of black silk.

The jabot comes again.

FRENCH WOMEN LEAD IN ART OF COOKERY

Writer Says Americans Suffer From Uncultivated Palate and Our Main Fault Is That Our Dietary Is Too Monotonous

By RUTLEDGE RUTHERFORD.

If gastronomy counts for anything in this war France ought to win. Everywhere in France good foods and good cookery prevail. From the gay lights of Paris to the humblest farmhouse it is the exception to find a meal that is not well prepared. The French woman seems to know intuitively how to cook. Give her a scrap of meat such as her American sister would throw away and she will concoct from it a palatable dish. Just before going abroad I read this assertion in a newspaper:

"The art of cookery in the United States, relatively speaking, is a primitive affair. Compared to French cookery it is as a string quartet to a full orchestra."

I didn't believe it at the time, but since then I have partaken of all kinds of repasts from a state banquet where the plate was of solid goid to the potluck of a peasant's home; I have eaten at restaurants and at the homes of all classes in cities, towns and villages, and I now realize that the statement is true, and more, I understand why French is the language of the menu.

The main trouble with the American's dietary is that it is too narrow, too monotonous. On all sides it is hemmed in by restrictions arising from customs, prejudices and uncultivated palates. Not so with the Frenchman's. The variety of his foods is remarkable. And the French woman's superiority in cookery is due largely to the fact of her being able to cull from a wonderfully diversified supply of food.

In times of peace every part of France is called on to contribute its quota of food. While the waters of the Mediterranean are being fished for anchovies the women of Aveyron are milking goats for the manufacture of Roquefort cheese and the peasants of Burgundy are gathering snails from the vineyards. Trained hogs root for truffles in Dordogne, while every available foot of ground and even some of the city roofs are turned into gardens to grow vegetables for the table.

Thrushes from Corsica, caviare from Russia, lobsters from America and the choicest aliments of other lands are in normal times brought in to augment the home supply, which, broad as it is, fails to satisfy the cravings of fastidious France, which spent $130,000,000 a year for imported foods before the outbreak of the war.

Eating is the avocation of France. You can discover it from the street criers in most of the cities, even before you enter an eating house. The pushcart man salutes the morning with his cries of "Good asparagus!" The plodding pedler of goat's milk, wearing the basque cap, and followed by his herd of she goats, plays a rustic flute to lure you into buying. The cheery pedler tempts with his call "The sweet cherry—the sweet!" The hoarse voice of the mussel man calls "Behold the mussel. It is good. It is fresh. Buy the mussel!" The "marchand de plaisir" (plaisir is a thin cake made with flour and sugar) rattles a wooden clapper. "Just arrived, just arrived, mackerel!" yells the fish hawker; while the cheese man's "Cream cheese, cheese!" calls to you in tones of pleading softness. In Paris most of this kind of street hawking has been dispensed with, but not so in other French cities.

Garlic is indispensable to cookery in France. Especially in the south garlic is the rule. The garlic merchant is an established institution of France. You can see him nearly anywhere with the long strings of bulbs hung over his shoulders, plodding from house to house, crying his wares.

Almost every town of importance has some special dish or plate of its own. There are hundreds of old inns where the cuisine is that of the province, and there are great tracts of country—which ought to be marked in some special color in all guide books—where the cookery is exceptionally excellent. There are the characteristic restaurants and quaint homes of Tours where the dishes of Touraine and the delightful Rilettes de Tours (little tureens of chicken livers) may be tasted. In the Roman cities of Provence the tourte, which is really a vol au vent, and the sou fassu, which is cabbage stuffed with a savory mixture of vegetables and meat, are two dishes never to be forgotten.

The gourmet who has time to journey leisurely may make a pleasant trip of gastronomic exploration in the district between Montpelier and Toulouse, which is a land of good cooks, where still linger the traditions of the Roman cookery brought into Gaul by great soldiers and great administrators. The land of the Meuse, the Moselle and the Saone, from Verdun down to Dijon, is another and more northerly paradise of cookery. In Dordogne the peasant woman can give a traveller a truffled omelet which would make a Philadelphian's mouth water, and a tumbler of the "vin pierre a fusil" which is one of the best wines of the people.

He who is interested in the manners and customs of old France would do well to visit Montreuil-sur-Mer and eat a midday meal at the Hotel de France. It is just what an inn used to be in the days of plumed hats and long boots. Milady might look out of one of the upper windows at any moment and not be surprised to see Athos, Porthos and D'Artagnan swagger through the courtyard. To breakfast on a sunny day in the courtyard where creepers form a canopy is an artistic delight.

In the spotless kitchen, through which visitors may pass at any time, the whole family of the proprietor are busy. Even the old grandmother will make a salad for a favored guest, and in the mixing of it she is an adept.

One of the daughters of the house married the patissier of the town, who makes woodcock pates which deserve greater fame than they have. Montreuil has a liquor of its own brewed from wild plums and other woodland fruits that grow in the moat of the old fortifications.

In sole Dieppoise, in the sauce of which shrimps and mussels add their flavor to the white wine, Dieppe has a rare specialty. It also claims as its own dishes the famous moules marinieres and coquilles St. Jacques. Being a town of Normandy, it is also a stronghold of such dishes as sole Normande and faisan Normande, the latter a pheasant cooked in a tureen with apples.

A fish dinner at Monte Carlo often includes supion, which is the octopus, a delicate little gelatinous fellow, not leathery like the Italian variety. Or if you want a strictly local dinner there, a fisherman may be sent out into the bay to catch for you some of the little sea hedgehogs. Another favorite dish at Monte Carlo consists of nonnats, which are the small fry of the bay, smaller far than whitefish and much more delicious.

A score of little birds, such as people in America would not deign to mention in our cookery books, are eaten with gusto by the French nearly everywhere. Well they know the difference between a mauviette and an alouette, and toothsome pies are made from the ordinary English sparrows. The delicious truffled partridge and partridge a la Bourguignonne, cooked in a tureen with red wine sauce, the homely perdrix aux choux and the splendid faisin a la financiere show that the French have many more ways of treating a game bird besides roasting.

In France is found the best veal in the world, the product of the young calf which has been fed on milk, producing flesh as soft as a kiss and as white as snow.

Down in Marseilles they will serve you a fry of sea urchins and different kinds of strange shellfish when you ask for a dish of local color. But the specialty of Marseilles and the most famous dish of France perhaps is bouillebaisse. There the people firmly believe that the dish cannot be made except from the fish that swim in the Mediterranean. The rascaz, a little fellow, all head and eyes, is essential to the savory stew, as are the eel, the lobster, the dory, the mackerel and the gireile. Thackeray sang the ballad of the dish as he used to eat it and his recipe is accepted because it is poetry, but it was only an inferior fresh water edition of the dish that Thackeray knew.

No important French restaurant will keep dead fish in stock. Each has its fish tank with running water, where the live fish swim and are fed and kept in excellent condition until ordered to be cooked. The Frenchman and French woman realize that no food deteriorates so rapidly as fish after it comes from the water.

The Riviera restaurants have especially fine fish tanks. Typical of these is the Reserve at Cannes. It is built on the rocks with a glassed in shelter that juts out into the sea from the elbow of the Promenade de la Croisette, so that the spray of the wavelets splashes up against the glass. Among the rocks on which the restaurant stands are the fish tanks and in these swim fishes large and small. Guests are allowed to pick out the fish they want.

So heavy is the consumption of snails in France and so many are the menaces to their growth that the Government is beginning to feel alarm lest they become extinct. The Department of Cote-d'Or in Burgundy, where the best snails come from, proposes to rank them as game and proclaim a closed season for them as for partridges and pheasants, between April 15 and July 15. Most of the snails come from the vineyards, and the chemical solutions with which the vines are sprayed are as fatal to the snails as to the phylloxera. The supply therefore falls far short of the demand.

While the Burgundy snails are far superior to all others, they are not the only ones eaten in France, especially nowadays when the supply is short. The hedgerow variety, the same as the common snail of America, is brought in to help fill the demand. And when fat and well cooked these snails make an appetizing and easily digested entree. After being gathered they are often kept for a week or so on a special diet and boiled, frequently with red wine, grated ham and chopped nuts.

The Frenchman is very fond of artichokes. Trainloads of them are daily hurried across the land from the Midi to Paris. One kind, the Verte de Provence, has wide open petals like a rose in full bloom. The violet native de Provence is a rare specimen of violet hue, having its petals closely folded into a firm ball.

Truffles are among the rarest of epicurean treasures in France. Dogs and hogs are trained to scent out the tuberlike nuggets in their earthy coverings in the forests. For the truffle is a fungus which grows underground and requires the scent of animals to discover it. Its growth is rather a mystery, in that science has yet discovered little about it. In Perigord and Provence the custom prevails of sowing acorns in an enclosed space, the natives declaring that when the trees are big enough to shade the ground the time has come for a crop of truffles to be gathered.

A violet truffle is the finest of all. It is covered with polygonal warts and is found in Perigord and Provence.

When it reaches maturity in late autumn it puts on a black flesh of reddish violet sheen and its odor and flavor are as delicate as its covering.

Of the many famous French cheeses brie, camembert and roquefort hold first place. Of brie cheese Talleyrand said it was "the king of cheeses, and the cheese of kings." It is made from the milk of very large cows that never leave their sheds except to be watered. Though the industry is a huge one, most of the cheese is made in the French homes, this being the principal occupation of whole families in the Brie district.

More than a hundred years ago camembert cheese was invented by one Dame Harel, living near Camembert, in the department of the Orne in Normandy, and the cheese is still made in that district.

For 800 years Roquefort cheese has been made in the same forbidding locality, the village of Roquefort, which has less than a thousand inhabitants, through the industry has grown until it is spread throughout the department of Aveyron and the neighboring departments, in which there are 510 dairies. The cheese is made from the milk of sheep, which require a special grazing grbund, and the cheese must have the moisture of dark, underground cellars.

Roquefort stands on a drear plateau in the mountains of the Cevennes. Here the houses are built up against a big rock which is honeycombed with caverns, not unlike the caves of bears and lairs of wolves, these being the famous caves in which the cheese is made and ripened. The sheep graze on the rocky plateau directly above the tunnels in which their milk is being converted into cheese. Over 23,000,000 pounds of cheese worth $5,000,000 goes forth from the Roquefort district every year. Yet the inhabitants are in comparative poverty. The profits, it seems, all go to the middlemen.

Little frogs from the vineyards, gathered while the dew is yet on the leaves, are a never ceasing delight to the Frenchman's palate, and in fact they are relished by every one who has a true appreciation of good eating. Besides the tree frog, as the vineyard variety is often called, there are two other edible kinds—the green frog and the red frog. The former is by far the more important and abounds throughout France wherever there are ponds or marshes or sedgy margins of rivers that contain fresh or slightly brackish waters. The cultivation of frogs is carried on in many vineyards and in shallow ponds and reservoirs constructed for the purpose. The red frog is not fattened artificially anywhere in France, as its flesh is not in very great esteem.

Add to the foods here mentioned the hundreds of delectable vegetables grown in the kitchen gardens of France, the French mutton from sheep reared in the salt marshes of the north, the lamb nurtured on milk till the hour of its death, the French ox that makes the finest soup meat known, the delicious French sweets and ices and no end of other dishes, and it cannot be denied that France can show the noblest list of foods of any nation of the earth. No wonder it is the home of the chef.

PRACTICAL VALENTINES.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY has gradually developed a practical side until how almost any gift can be appropriately chosen, provided there is something in its color or shape or in the manner of its wrapping which suggests the special occasion.

A flowering plant is a popular form of modern valentine, more practical than cut flowers because more enduring. Florists are quick to suggest details which shall emphasize the valentine idea, and the modern flower shop demonstrates the thought now given to the artistic arrangement and presentation of plants intended as valentines.

A chubby bisque cupid with bow and arrow is poised conspicuously on some plants, while others are decorated with bows of red gauze ribbon and small pendent hearts. Address tags show the ingenuity of designers and there are many appropriate seals to be used in holding together paper wrappings. An address tag in the shape of a big red heart has an oblong space of white in which to write the name, and the card of the giver can be enclosed in a white envelope, the address written in red with a broad stub pen and a red heart embossed in the upper right hand corner of the envelope to simulate a stamp. As in these days there is little mystery connected with the sending of valentines a card is quite as apt to be enclosed as when a gift is sent at any other time.

Another flower suggestion for Valentine's day is along the line of the Japanese custom of making the most of two or three blossoms held in a container of some sort, which is the practical part of the valentine. This form of valentine is especially desirable where the valentine is sent to an invalid, as a new receptacle for flowers is sure to be appreciated.

Any of the glass or metal flower holders will show to better advantage if set in a glass bowl, and a little celluloid bird perched on the rim of the bowl can hold a valentine card in its bill. The spring flowers with firm stems are particularly attractive when so arranged and sent as a valentine.

Candy is always a favorite form of valentine, and receptacles for bonbons can be found which make the contents doubly acceptable. Heart shaped boxes of tin either painted or covered with silk or chintz are among the novelties for holding candy sent as valentines, and there are elaborate heart shaped boxes of rose colored satin and lace suited for a place on one's dressing table after the contents have disappeared.

Heart shaped sachets, whether small enough to wear or of suitable dimensions to hang in a dress closet, are among the well liked valentine gifts. The tiny sachets are usually sent in packages of three or five. They are made of bright American Beauty pink satin edged with the narrowest of lace. They should be tied with ribbon of the same shade and the bow thrust through with a gilt arrow to carry out the idea of the day.

The big sachets for use in bureau drawers and closets are usually made of sateen in a shade of bright pink, with flat panier straps from which the sachet can be hung if intended to be hung among dresses. Other heart shaped sachets are of red tulle filled with dried rose leaves or lavender and several of them suspended from a red satin ribbon. Being thinly encased, the fragrance is diffused through the room in which they hang.

A novel way to conceal a small gift sent on St. Valentine's day is to put it in a little bag of doubled white crepe paper drawn up at the top with a paper cord in imitation of a fabric bag. Paste a heart of red glazed paper on each side or have a border of them around the sides of the bag. This idea can be prettily carried out in the giving of small favors at an entertainment on St. Valentine's day.

Even the giving of money as a valentine has been provided for. There are heart shaped boxes of bright red small enough to hold a gold piece and there are red pasteboard hearts which fold like a case for bills with strips of red ribbon to hold the check or bill which is placed within.

ECONOMY HINTS.

DRESS aprons are useful additions to the wardrobe of the woman who does her own housework. These are seen at their best when colored linens are used. The tans, green, blue, old red and brown look well with a narrow band of contrasting color or tiny piping of plain white linen bordering neck and armholes.

The same careful woman protects her hair from dust while busy about the home by wearing a dainty cap made of white mull and lace over a wire frame. This frame is turban shape, and is economical inasmuch as the wire frame protects the coiffure from disarrangement.

For the housewife who thinks in advance this is the time to purchase really excellent half silk hose at the surprisingly low figure of 35 cents a pair. These were shown at one of the larger downtown stores in black, tan and many of the newer shades. An inventive young woman recently purchased a dozen pairs of these hose—which were plain. She then embroidered on them small delicate designs of polka dots, tiny rosebuds, and even a pattern of tiny clover blossoms done in French knot with silk of the same shade as the stockings.

If gloves or shoes of any color but black have become spotted by water and are allowed to dry there is no hope for them. They are irreparably ruined. But if, while they are still damp, they are kept on hands or feet and rubbed with a damp cloth, the spots will disappear. Then brush briskly with a dry soft woollen cloth.

A young business woman manages a dainty conception in collars and cuffs over her blue serge office frock by a novel use of narrow hemstitched or embroidered edge handkerchiefs. Two handkerchiefs make a set. One is folded cornerwise and cut in half. These pieces, with the cut edge hemmed, are the cuffs. The second handkerchief is also cut in half and one half hollowed out to fit the neck. The remaining half is again cut in two parts and folded over the bodice in the form of revers. These sets are inexpensive and give an attractive touch to the office dress.

A CERTAINTY.

TWO men travelling together were on a New York street car—surface, elevated or subway, no matter. Every seat was full, those at the rear of the car being occupied by well dressed men. Presently the car stopped and a woman came aboard. Very nice looking woman, but not a fashion plate.

"I'll bet you what you like," said one of the two, "that not a man in the car offers her his place."

"Come off," responded the other. "Don't you know enough about the etiquette and ethics of gambling to know that you have no right to bet on a certainty?"

TRADE TRUISMS---"Figures are subject to change without notice." - - By Sara Moore